# MAGAZINE FEATURES THE NEWS SCIMITAR DAILY COMIC PAGE

# UNCLE WIGGILY

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE BIG BAG.

WHO'S TO BLAME

ETHEL LLOYD PATTERSON.

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By HOWARD R. GARIS.

When Uncle Wiggily Longears bopped into his hollow stump bingalow one day, after having been out in the woods looking for massaffars the law been he could be could be common must have been her willied letter on the table.

"The postman must have been her willied letter on the table, he saw allittle letter on the table, he saw allittle letter on the table.

"The postman must have been her willied with a pilot and read the letter.

"The postman must have been her willied with a pilot grown and the latter.

"The postman must have been her willied and the bush pink none and read the letter.

"Why It's from Nurse Jame, my nice keeper!" exclaimed Mr. Longedy have been dearned by the same cannot be solid to the ompty room.

"Why It's from Nurse Jame, my nice keeper!" exclaimed Mr. Longedy have been dearned by the same cannot be solid to go over to see Mrs. Bush; the same cannot will be same cannot be solid to go over to see Mrs. Bush; "It's all "ight." he said, sort of speaking to the ompty room.

"Yours Itall," he said, sort of speaking to the ompty room.

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"Yours Itall," "NURSE JANE."

"Yours Itall," he said, sort of speaking to the owner of the cop of will be seen to the cop of the large was do have seed by the seen the large was do has ready for me:

"Yours Itall," went on this seen that was the bar will be a seen to the cop of Mrs. Cluck Cluck, the bear has no no is at home and the bank. "The cop at the high bar," and now he wants to said the bunny, and the bar will be a seen to the cop of Mrs. Cluck Cluck, the hen lady, and seed to the cop of Mrs. Cluck Cluck, the fore, but no one and the bar will be seen to the cop of Mrs. Cluck Cluck, the fore, but no one and the bar will be seen the seen to th

# Bringing Up Father-By George McManus









# LITTLE MARY MIXUP-Try Tillie on "Pound Cake," Mom!









# THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY—Here's His Hurry—But Where's His Hat?







# JOE'S CAR -Joe, That's an Awful Raw One to Put Over On a Friend!









# (Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate) Characteristically Estreida's first thought was for herself, for her own happiness, when she heard from Freddie's mother that he had been wounded. Or, perhaps, it would be more fair to say that, she thought of herself first, because she, Estreida, did not really love Freddie, never really had loved him at all. Youth is ruthless enough at best; but youth that is heart free is usually cruel. And perhaps this is only another version of the "survivad of the fittest." At any rate, for a lime after Mrs. Misson had told her daughter-in-law that Freddie probably never would regain the use of his arm, Estreida chared before her in silence. The rews had washed the brilliant color from her cheeks and lips. "Maybe—" she said slowly—"Maybe Freddie never will be all right again?" Mrs. Misson diew a little, quick flittering breath, But— "Maybe—" she said slowly—"Maybe Freddie never will be all right again?" Mrs. Misson dews a little, quick flittering breath, But— "Maybe—" she said slowly—"Maybe Freddie never will be all right again?" Mrs. Misson dews a little, quick flittering breath, But— "Maybe—" she said slowly—"Maybe Freddie never will be all right again?" Mrs. Misson dews a little, quick flittering breath, But— "Maybe—" she said slowly—"Maybe Freddie well went on. "He may not even be well enough to work. Estreida went on. "He may not even be well enough to work. Estreida went on. "He may not even be well enough to work. Estreida went on. "He may not even be well enough to work. Estreida went on. "He may not even be well enough to mentally would go forward somehow—as long as he lives," said Freddie's mother of it. He'll be a burden on mentally would go forward somehow—as there was breath in his young body nementally would go forward somehow—as here was breath in his young body nementally would go forward somehow—as there was breath in his young body nementally would go forward somehow—as here was breath in his young body nementally would go forward somehow—as her Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's Article

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW,
The world-famous writer on vital subjects.

The world-famous writer on vital subjects.

I went to see h motion-picture which had another (title, but might very well) had a mother (title, but might very well) had a mother (title, but might very well) had a mother with the pictures were shown a war might be first that men are always hered to the effect that men are always hered to the mind was made the content of the mind was made to the mind was of a larger alanding army of plain girls, each hadenly wall to come along and easy in the themselves. They are beyond me, but I can may an otherwise dull picture for mind the mind was of a larger alanding army of plain girls, each hadenly wall to come along and easy in the themselves. They are beyond me, but I can may an otherwise dull picture for mind and here to the mind was of a larger alanding army of plain girls, each hadenly wall to come and the mind was of a larger alanding army of plain girls, each hadenly wall to come and the mind was of a larger alanding army of plain girls, each hadenly wall to the mind was of a larger alanding army of plain girls, each hadenly wall to the mind was of a larger alanding army of plain girls, each hadenly wall to the mind was of a larger alanding army of plain girls, each hadenly wall to the possible of the unmarried of about the same against of whether she la pretty or marriage gets them, entirely regarded for beauty it would have to be a mind and the mind the mind was a larger with the same and the mind was of a larger alanding and well whether the same and the mind was of a larger with a mind wa

said he.

The young woman turned upon him with a winning smile. "I am so gied." the said. "In that case you will be able to tell me the name of the dressmaker who built that perfectly lovely frock your model wore! "Everybedy's Magazine.

WITH MR. Netlan.

AND SAID he was nine.

AND HIS father said. THAT I knew everybody. AND THEY always did. JUST WHATEVER I said AND I printed the letter.
AND WROTE beneath it. FOR ROBERT to take it. TO MR. Neilans AND ROBERT believed me. AND DID what I said. AND HE got the Job. AND THE best of it is. THAT MR. Nellan DID ALT. I said. AND I never wrote him. OR ANYTHING. AND NOW that It's done.

WHO IS four years old. AND THE letter he wrote. AND WHAT I wrote. AND WITH Mr. Nellan. WE'LL PUT them all. IN A conjurer's hat. AND WE'LL wave a wand. AND FROM out of the hat. A MORAL will come. AND THE moral is. THAT THE world is full. OF BUSY men. LIKE THIS Nellan man. WHO ARE always ready. TO STOP their work. AND TO lend a hand. TO GOOD little boys. OR GOOD big boys. AND GOOD little dogs. OR GOOD big dogs. AND WHATEVER you start. THAT MAY in the end, BRING A lot of joy. TO MAN or beast. WILL NEVER want. FOR A helping hand.

WE'LL TAKE the boy.

WHO IS nine years old.

AND HIS friend the dog.

AND WILL scatter joy. TO ALL who help. IN AS great degree.

AS IT rolls along.

# Just a Moment DAILY STRENGTH AND CHEER. Compiled by John G. Quinius, the Sunshine Man.

DAILY STRENGTH AND CHEER.

Compiled by John G. Quiclius, the Sunshine Man.

I THANK you.

I THANK you.

A Line On Men You Read About

Maj. Thomas f. Dieson, sentor combat chardain on the American front in the world war, strived war, arrived the world war, strived the tree order in the world war, strived the tree order in the world war, strived the tree order in the world war, strived the first shot. He went to France and the first shot. He went to France world war, strived the first shot. He went to first and trembling, for it is god which world war, strived the first shot. He went to first and trembling for it is god which world with nine other did with nin

# HOROSGOPE

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1919.